

Suck

WEEK ENDING JUNE 20, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE SERENADE

PAINTED BY B. WENNERBERG



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

"I'm loyal to the color but Hiven help me — niver!"

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Puck

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PUCK: "Yes, I am that merry wanderer of the night."—A *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.



**Puck's
\$100
Prize**

Don't forget that \$100 prize offered by PUCK for the most humorous story, monologue, dialogue, playlet or verse received each week. If you have a sense of humor sufficient to convulse the PUCK Editorial Board with laughter, a check for \$100 will be drawn to your order forthwith—provided, of course, that yours is the week's *funniest* contribution. The only right reserved by PUCK in this competition is the privilege of buying at its regular rates any contribution submitted and not winning the prize. Prose should run from five hundred to one thousand words; verse from fifty to seventy-five lines. Typewrite your entry on one side of the paper, and mark the envelope "Prize Competition." All contributions should lend themselves to illustration, and should be accompanied by postage for their return if found unavailable. The first week's prize winner will be announced on this page week after next, and the successful contribution will appear in the same issue. Already some of best known humorists are in active competition for the prize, and an unusually brilliant array of fun is promised.



**This
Week's
Cover**

Our cover this week is by B. Wennerberg, one of the most popular Continental illustrators; and in connection with Herr Wennerberg's color, we wish to forestall the captious reader who even now has "his pen in hand" to advise us that lobsters as they come from the sea are not red. Which leads us to remark that the particular species of *homarus* which serenades young women on the beach is usually a brilliant maroon, from sun-exposure at least. We will admit, however, that the ladies are not always so green.



**He
Wants
Puck
Daily**

This reader is impatient; seven days is too long a stretch between issues of PUCK:

"If the present quality of PUCK could be maintained, a week is too long to wait. Why don't you make it a daily?"

"As one reader, I like the idea that it is not cramped into the field of the merely humorous. For instance those deep dug nuggets in the 'Witches' Caldron' give PUCK the calibre of heavy artillery instead of a pop-gun joker.

"And the treat of your color work gives us something unapproached in this country, and I guess unsurpassed on the other side, where they really know modern color and color printing."

Remember, dear readers, we do not print the bouquets alone. If you hesitate to censure PUCK because you feel that your letter will receive scant attention, try us!

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**We Are
Likened
to
Jugend**

PUCK holds many of its foreign contemporaries in high esteem, and to be compared to one of the most famous of them is flattering, indeed. The following letter is from one of the leading steamship agencies in the country:

"The writer has looked over a copy of the new PUCK with much interest and congratulates you on the change. It has always seemed to us that a comic paper more on the order of the German *Jugend* and similar publications would find a demand in America, and we are pleased to note that the new PUCK seems to be approaching this model."

It may be mentioned in this connection that PUCK is the only paper in America equalling *Jugend* in the quality of its color-work. Not only has it enlisted the efforts of many of the leading Continental illustrators, whose work is identified with *La Vie Parisienne*, *Simplicissimus* and other periodicals of international fame, but it is rapidly developing an entirely new school of illustration among our own artists, who have thus far felt the keen lack of a vehicle for the expression of their larger ideals. PUCK believes this to be one of its missions, and in serving art it will have the satisfaction of daring to do what so many of its contemporaries fear to do.



**A
Treat
Next
Week**

We try to keep PUCK running on an even balance from week to week, but it happens that once in so often an unusually good crop of material, especially of color, falls to the lot of a particular issue. When this comes about, PUCK may be pardoned the rosy pink blushes that suffuse his chubby form, as he speaks a brief piece in his own behalf. Such is true of next week's number. In "The Rivals," by Lawson Wood, the celebrated English colorist, PUCK presents one of the most notable covers it has yet secured—a masterpiece both in conception and in execution. Crossing the Channel, we obtained a really brilliant Strimpl for this number, surpassing, if possible, the work of this artist already reproduced in PUCK. Of Americans whose work is now commanding widespread attention, Raymond C. Ewer makes his bow to PUCK readers next week in a full page remarkable in its lace-like detail. To give full expression to a brilliant painting by Sarka, Richard Le Gallienne, one of America's foremost poets, has written a charming page of verse. It is an issue of surpassing interest. This bit of advance information is published first with a desire to whet your appetite for our succeeding number, and, second, to emphasize a point which we have often made, that PUCK is to-day paying the highest prices in America for high-grade humor in text or illustration. Elsewhere on this page we announce a competition designed to increase PUCK's fund of laughter, and we have no hesitancy in predicting for our forthcoming issues a periodical really representative of the humor of the day.



**Some
Special
Issues**

PUCK intends to enliven the summer doldrums with some special issues, two of which, at least, we can now announce—the Newport Number, dated July 11, and the Stay-at-Home Number, dated August 8. If you want a hearty laugh at the expense of those members of exclusive society who disport themselves on

Bailey's Beach, or sip a hilarious rickety with the giddy summer-widower atop the St. Astor-bilt roof, you will clip this coupon to a dollar bill and live in expectancy. The probationary term includes both of the above numbers.

Puck
 301 Lafayette St.
 New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (Canadian sixty cents, Foreign sixty-five cents), for which send Puck for eight weeks' trial to

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00



DRAWN BY JOSEPH KEPPLER

A HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE

TRAINER ROOSEVELT (open for engagement): If you ever expect to come back, you big Has-been, you've got to fight as I tell you! Understand?



"What
Fools
these
Mortals
Be!"

VOL. LXXV. No. 1946. WEEK ENDING JUNE 20, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

It is a common sign, especially in New York. Occasionally the painted order is prefaced by "please," but not often. Politeness does cost something; it would make the sign longer and it would consume more paint. Hence, we read it in all its brusque simplicity: "Keep Off the Grass."

Where is the grass? In the city parks; those oases in a brick and stone desert, which a writer once called "the lungs of the town." Here, when summer scorches, come the poor. They come to breathe, to play, to rest, to forget. They come from East Side tenements, where a drooping plant, pilfered from a park perhaps, shrivels and wilts on a fire escape—the only green thing in sight save the stuff on the push-carts at the curb. Nickels are none too plentiful with them, but the park when they get there is free; carfare is the only expense. There is the sky, lots of it, to look and wonder at; there are the trees which spell peace; there is the air, full of odors, but so different from those of the East Side in summer. There is the grass, acres of it—to keep off.

"Ah," anticipates the law-abiding citizen, "I know now what you are going to say! You are going to advocate free grass!" Precisely so; we are. Free grass in the parks of New York. The experience of other cities proves undeniably that free access to park grass does not mean the ruination of a park system. Even if it should mean a bare spot here and there, or a path worn by the feet of children, with which is a civilized city the more concerned—with the health of its poor or the health of its grass? To its people of the tenements, to the sweat-shop toiler, to the tired mother, to the child whose playground six days of the week is the narrow canyons of the East Side, New York through its Park Department cries: "Keep Off the Grass. New babies are born every year, every day, but good sod and grass seed cost money."

And who is back of the cry: "Keep off the City's grass?" Who is so fearful lest the public parks be desecrated? It is a shrewd guess that in countless cases it is the man who never visits them, or, if he does, whirls through them in his motor car on the way to somewhere else. The sight of common persons in their shirt sleeves offends his sense of beauty; it destroys the illusion that the park is his private estate; mothers with babies cross the driveway and make necessary a shifting of the gears.

Do those who so strongly protest against free grass in the parks themselves depend upon the green of the parks for rest and rejuvenation in summer? Is it to the parks that they go to gratify that craving for the open which lurks in every man, however cuffed? No. The "Keep-Off-the-Grass" advocate gets his grass out of



town, in the country miles away, where signs and policemen are not. To him, parks are but ornaments, not necessities; something to be fondled and admired, like a peach-blow vase, but not used. He does not go often to the park—perhaps only once a year, or to show a visitor from out of town "our park system;" but when he does go, he likes to "take a pride in it," and a twig out of place annoys him.

If he will but recognize it, a park is something more than a stunt in landscape gardening or a receptacle for rare plants. It is an invaluable adjunct of the government of a great city.

Properly utilized and supervised with sanity, it is a sturdy ally of the Health Board in that it helps to cure, and better still, to prevent disease. It is an ally of the Police Department because it is a safety valve for those nearest to underworld temptation. It is an ally of the educational forces in ways too obvious to be dwelt upon; but, primarily and most important, it is the playground of the poor, who have no other save the reeking street. The poor of New York are considered in November, when votes are wanted. They should also be considered in July and August, when "good citizens" are out of town.

LACKING \$2 SHE FACES JAIL.

Mother, Unable to Pay Fine, Must Take Baby to Jail.

Unless some kind-hearted friend appears to pay her fine in the meantime Mrs. Bertha Hirschbaum of 700 Cauldwell avenue, the Bronx, and her 9-month-old baby will have to spend to-night in a cell of the Bronx county jail. Mrs. Hirschbaum was fined \$2 in the Morrisania Police Court this morning for failing to keep her 4-year-old daughter Bertha off the grass in St. Mary's Park, as the signs so plainly commanded.

She didn't have so large an amount and she told Magistrate House, who occupied the bench that she had no means of raising such a prohibitive sum. So she went to the detention pen of the court house to await transfer later in the day to the big county jail.



"Get the Hell Out of Here!"



UNCONSCIOUS PATRIOTS

PERFECTLY WONDERFUL

Ling Tin Pan, the eminent laundryman, being an astute observer and in need of funds, called upon His Publisher. Mr. Pan wore his peacock-green suit, his purple hair-ribbon and an intellectual smile, and was received with eclat by His Publisher, Mr. Piffle.

Producing his Mss., Mr. Pan said to Mr. Piffle: "Observations on Amelica." And smiled with Oriental Blandness.

Said Mr. Piffle: "Delighted, Charmed, Honored, Ravished!"

Said Mr. Pan: "Thlee thlousand dollar?"

Said Mr. Piffle: "Slertainly! Will you have it in currency or cash?"

Mr. Pan: "Clash."

Mr. Piffle (calling Evelyn, the office girl, in a sweet but penetrating tone): "Count out thlee thlousand dollars in Clash for Mr. Pan."

A silence follows, broken only by the occasional sound of Evelyn rifling the safe, the chinking of coin, and Mr. Piffle's low, friendly chuckles.

The office grows suddenly dim; still you can

hear the frou frou of Evelyn's skirt as she dashes back and forth from the safe to the desk upon which she is stacking the faintly glittering gold.

In the semi-darkness Mr. Piffle is busily trying to read Mr. Pan's Mss., and a pink rat, carrying a little silver lantern runs up Mr. Piffle's back, and, standing on Mr. Piffle's shoulder, swings the lantern, and smiles cheerfully at Mr. Pan, disclosing a row of pearly teeth in most friendly fashion. Mr. Pan, being hungry, leaps forward to seize the rat—the silver lantern falls to the floor with a deafening crash, and all is oblivion.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when Ling Tin Pan crawled wearily out of his bunk, and lighted another pipe.

SOUNDED SUSPICIOUS

"You think our confidential clerk should be watched?" inquired Mr. Skids. "I've always thought he was above suspicion."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Skittles, "but the other day I heard him say he could live comfortably on the salary we're paying him."

LET US BRAY

The Twentieth Century sent up a wild shout empyreanwards:

"Save the babies!"

It was such an inspiring battle-yawp that it made cold shivers run down the back of more than one human shellfish.

"Save the babies!"

Everybody fell for it. Preachers oleaginated it from their pulpits; college girls embroidered it on sofa pillows; soft-headed business men boosted it in paid ads. "Nix on this infant mortality stuff!" interpolated a celebrated comedian who had been caught in the cosmic current.

"Save the babies!"

"I see you all get me," chirped the Twentieth Century much pleased. "Now let's say it all together: One! Two! Three! SAVE THE BABIES!"

"But, my dear madam," objected a natural born grouch, "what are you saving 'em for? For your jails? or your hospitals? or your boiler factories? or your sweatshops? or your night refuges? or your insane asylums? or your breadlines? or your poor farms? or your Potter's Fields? or what?"

"I should worry my hair off and discover a real hair-restorer," sniffed the Twentieth Century. "And, anyhow, whatcha want? If you got a parrot do you look to see it inventing of its own cuss-words? If you buy a phonograph are you sore because it can't improvise? Save the babies! Why, that's my act. That's all I know. Save the babies! Never mind what for—just save 'em. Save the babies! And I'm an improvement on the little old Nineteenth Century at that."

Whereat everybody took a lusty kick at the snivelling grouch, and wrote a letter to *The Star* criticizing the management of the local Foundlings' Home.

JUST HIS WAY

She sent her husband out to shop;

He had some crackers listed.

But he brought pretzels back. Poor pop,

He always gets things twisted.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

"I am about," declared the New Theology, buoyantly, "to abolish hell!"

"Go to it!" the Old Theology rejoined, grimly.



TO MATCH HIM?

SHOPPER: I want you to show Fifi some linoleum for his kennel while I run up to the silk department.

THE TOLERANT SEX

George was a fellow who never could see
That women knew more than their mere "A B C;"
The comment that always he'd chortle with glee
Was: "She does pretty well — for a woman."

A girl wrote a book — an astonishing hit;
A model of style, to say nothing of wit.
But all you could get that poor boob to admit
Was: "She writes pretty well — for a woman."

He married at last. Was his prejudice fled?
You've never met George. On the day he was wed
He yielded a lot, for I'm told that he said:
"She's a pretty good sort — for a woman."

They'd go to a lecture; they'd go to a play;
Where woman was It and where man was passe,
But all you could ever induce him to bray
Was: "She does pretty well — for a woman."

Their baby was born. As he stood at the side
Of the bed and looked down at his wife, happy-eyed,
And the infant, I'm told he admitted with pride
That she'd done pretty well — "for a woman."



MANUAL LABOR

FIRST FINANCIAL BRIGAND (after a melon-cutting): Don't fail to attend the directors' meeting this afternoon, Grafton. Very important business.

SECOND FINANCIAL BRIGAND: What's doing now?

FIRST FINANCIAL BRIGAND: We're going to draw lots to see who'll burn the books!



P. Stuyvesant Helps His Wife Make Doughnuts

UNPUBLISHED WOODCUTS



A FAIR UTILITARIAN

MADGE: What are you doing — studying that war map?

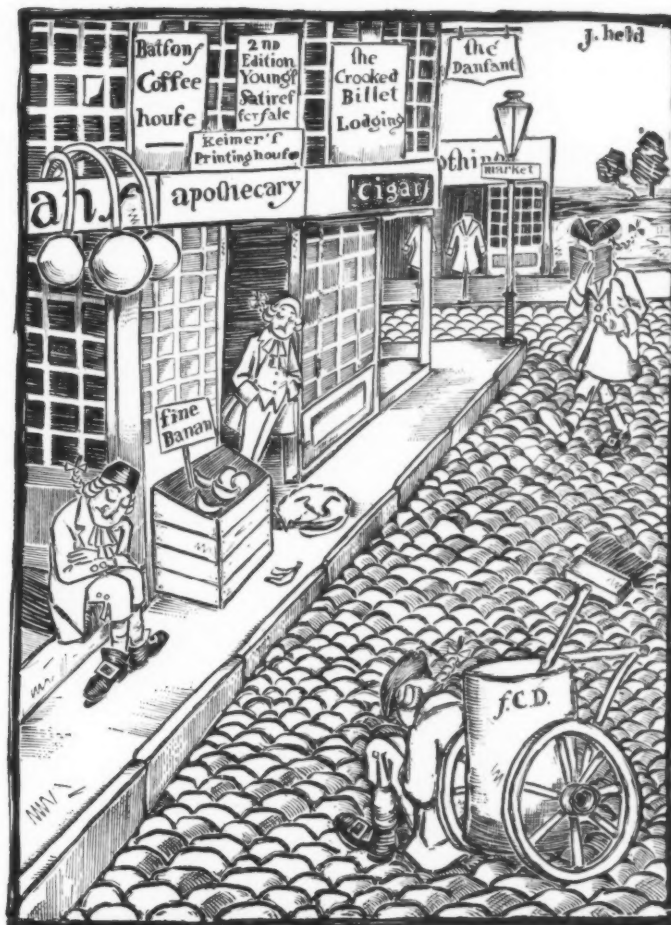
MARJORIE: I was just thinking what lovely names those Mexican words would make for new dances.



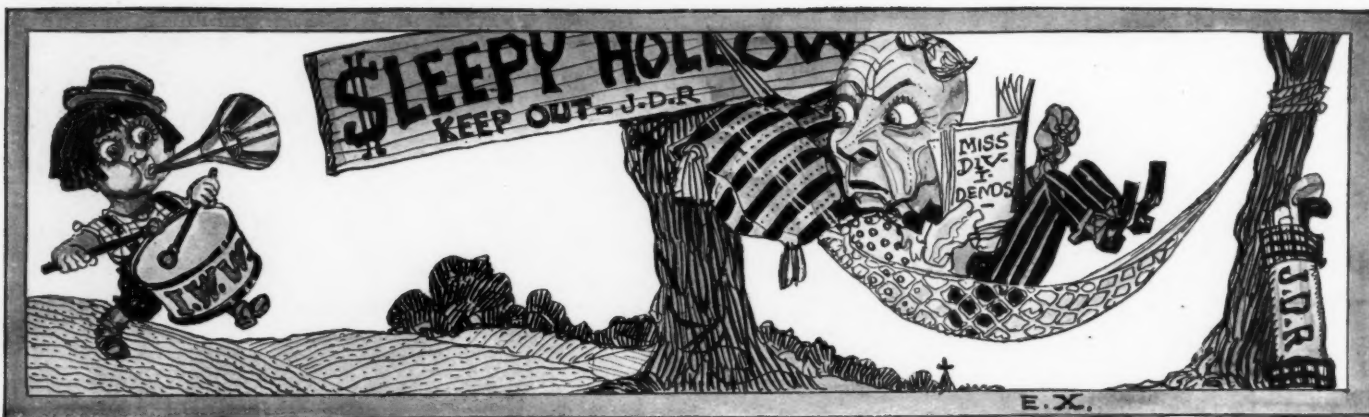
THE REAL SPENDERS

SKIDS: I can sell you lists of names of people earning three, four, and five thousand dollars a year.

SKITTLES: H'm, have you any lists of people earning, say, three thousand a year and spending four thousand?



B. Franklin, of Boston, Enters Philadelphia



The News in Rime

Sir Conan Doyle, the lit'ry sleuth,
Spoke harshly of our prison;
He said that it would never hold
A criminal of his'n.
The world has thrust a shrinking foot
Into its summer oceans;
Mosquitoes quaff
The cosmic calf,
And Jersey bathes in lotions.



The steamship probe will not result
In anything worth noting;
Until the rules are changed we'll use
The bath-tub for our boating.
Vic. Herbert said the U. S. A.
Was waxing more aesthetic;
The "Pickle" dance
Came out of France,
And business looks pathetic.

A sculptor said Our Andy was
A first class human being;
The party at Niagara Falls
Is gayly A B C-ing.
Bob. Peary planned to chart the air,
To tag each star by letter;
The Newport set
Is playing net,
And John McGraw feels better.



Carranza was unanimous
In voting for Carranza—
He's President of Mexico
By rare extravaganza.
Miss Alice Brown has won the prize
For Winthrop's super-drama;
A tan au jus
Was had by us,
And Pittsburgh lost its llama.



The Idle W-and'ring W-agabonds
Made Rockefeller shiver;
The Colonel sailed for Sunny Spain
Without his trusty river.
Sir Bryan said he'd only use
His leisure for Chautauquing;
Poincare will let
His Cabinet,
And brother Barnes is balking.



Sir Woodrow said the nation's slump
Was nothing worse than psychic;
The "Tango Foot" is what you get
For dancing with a high kick.
The good ship Aquitania
Is quite a knotty sailor;
Chas. Whitman's boom
Is now in bloom,
And we have paid our tailor.

John Bull was militantized
Almost beyond endurance;
They say the King may soon collect
His accident insurance.
The striped beast of Tammany
Is facing the reformer;
Culebra did
A tropic skid,
And we are fair and warmer.

F. Dana Burnet.

THE NEW LIFE

If I had my life to live over
I wouldn't be canny and wise,
But I'd rove when I felt like a rover,
I'd feast on the world with my eyes;
Whenever the fever was on me
I wouldn't say, stubbornly, "No!"
But I'd throw off the fetters upon me,
I'd go and I'd Go an I'd GO!

If I had my life to live over
I wouldn't be staid and discreet,
I'd scamper about in the clover
While clover was fragrant and sweet;
For youth is the season of blisses
(Too fleeting a season, by half),
So I'd never lose dances or kisses,
I'd laugh and I'd Laugh and I'd
LAUGH!

For now that my tresses are graying,
I know that my thrift was all wrong,
I wish I had known more of playing,
I wish I had learned more of song;
If I had my life to live over
(A gift which the fates cannot give),
As roisterer, lover and rover,
I'd live and I'd Live and I'd LIVE!

Berton Braley.



AS USUAL

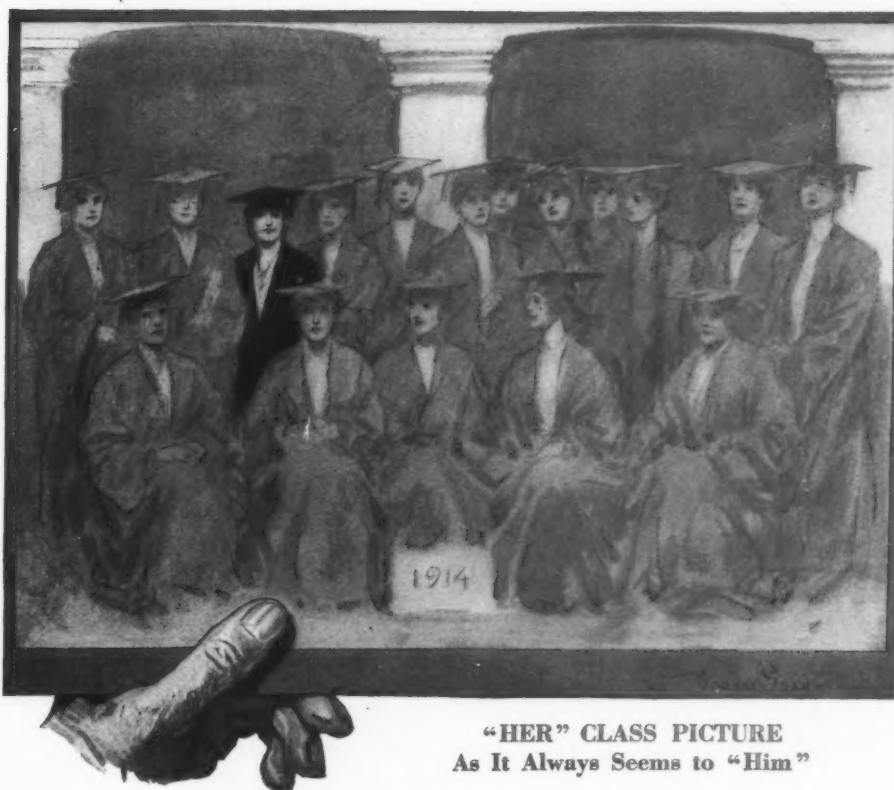
MR. HECKELL (*at breakfast*): I made a few remarks at the banquet last evening.

MRS. HECKELL: What did you complain of?



THE NEW OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
(The woman was ancient,
The story is new.)
Her life was a series
Of prances and jumps,
For the booties she lived in
Were smart tango pumps.



"HER" CLASS PICTURE
As It Always Seems to "Him"

BECOMING A GREAT AUTHOR

Live in New York; it is impossible to get in the proper "atmosphere" anywhere else. If you can't afford it—borrow the money. Create your own environment; don't board in anyone's else. If you can't afford it—borrow the money.

Don't read other people's stuff; it ruins one's style. Buy a type-machine. If you can't afford it—borrow the money. Upon discovering that you get all the capitals in the wrong spots, cut typewriting. Get a stenographer. If you can't afford it—borrow the money. Just because Shakespeare did all his own rough work is no reason for your imposing this strain on your nerves.

Be observing, of course, but remember you already know a good deal, or you would not have decided to be a writer. Why bother to study anything further—internally, externally, sociologically, psychologically or automatically? It is foolish to underrate oneself.

Don't go in for mediocrity in any form. "Twill pall upon you in time. Being palled upon mars your art. Modern marred art ranks with manufactured "antiques," and the market is uncertain.

Run over to Europe often to freshen up your artistic temperament. If you can't afford it—borrow the money.

Never curb that interesting inclination to let outside influences side-track your resolutions to work. This would tend to injure your originality. The reasons why you don't do what you intend to do should constitute the theme of your finest analysis.

If an editor turns down one of your stories, cut him—at once. Remember "the return of manuscript implies no lack of merit" in anything but—the editor. However, if you have fully made up your mind to see your things in that man's magazine, why—buy out the publishing company! If you can't afford it—borrow the money.

The real uplift will come when the sex-novelist and not the high financier burns his books.

TRUE

THE SERPENT: I suppose your wife keeps up with the latest fashions.

ADAM: Yes. She says all her dresses this year will be "gathered."

HER SECRET

"I am self-made!" cry men in hosts
Of this no woman ever boasts—
Though self-made often, strange to say,
She hates to give the fact away!

UNROMANLIKE

ROMAN BANKER (*to American tourist*): I suppose you're doing as the Romans do?

TOURIST: Honestly, I haven't the nerve! Why, only yesterday a stranger asked me for a match and I didn't charge him a cent for it!

The simile, as intelligent as a clam, is not wholly disparaging, for a clam knows when to shut up.

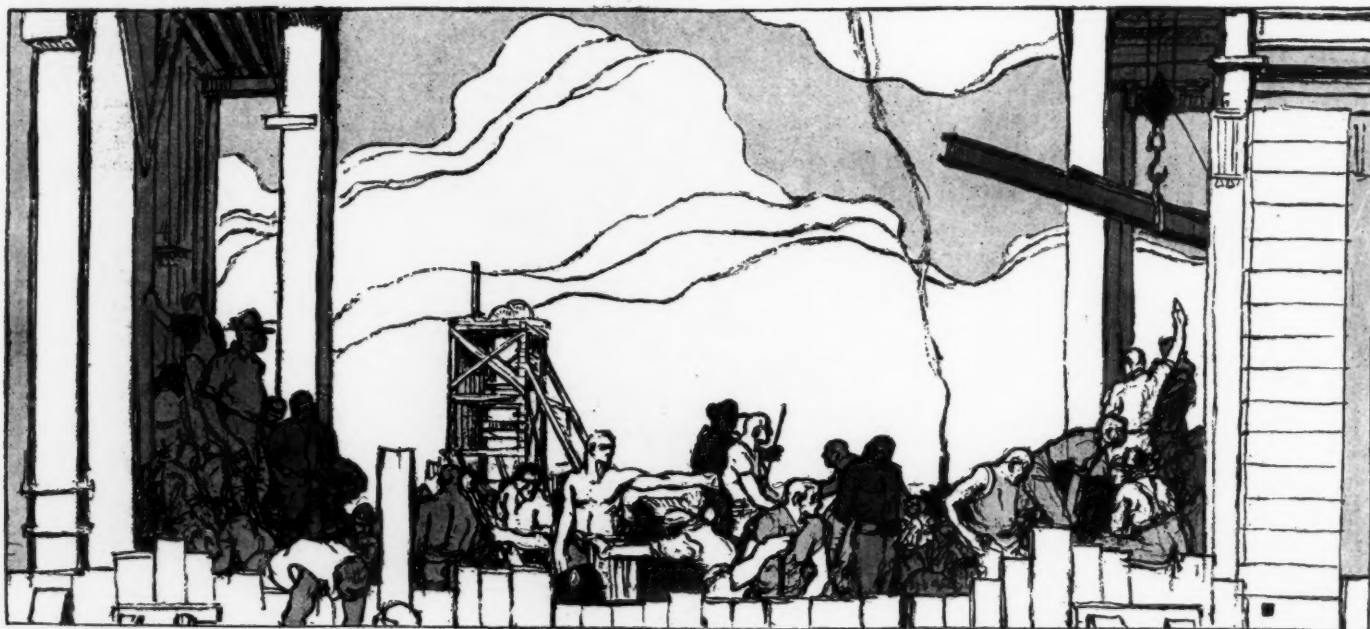


RIGHTEOUS WRATH

"Footlite pretends to be very angry because of that little item in the Daily Blat saying his wife is suing him for divorce."

"He really *is* angry. He thinks he ought to have had half a column."

The SEVEN ARTS *by* JAMES HUNEKER



DRAWN BY C. B. FALLS

PUCK'S Socialism

PUCK, jolly little chap, is sociable, but not a Socialist. For him the "dismal science" has neither charm, nor terror. He knows that Socialism, as a word of so many meanings, has itself become meaningless. The fifty-seven varieties flying at each other's throats over the "unearned increment," or the "well-earned excrement," or any of the threadbare phrases so dear to doctrinaires, are, for the sweet cherub, both bores and menaces. He is with Georg Brandes for individualism as against collectivism. An Englishman said: "A cult is always annoying to those who do not join in it, and generally hurtful to those who do." Socialism is not a science, as its followers fondly believe, but a cult, a religion, therefore something not to be reasoned, only emotionally felt. First there was a supposed Golden Age; we cast our eyes longingly back to an apocryphal period when all mankind was happy and engaged in pastoral pursuits. Poets occupy that territory to-day. Then followed the belief in happiness after death. It is a belief still entertained by those who long for the horrors of personal immortality. Along comes Socialism, and once more fleeting happiness is to be caught and on earth. A future paradise! Alas, these Utopias! All this dram-drinking of a false "idealism" is to make us forget reality—grim, ineluctable reality. The French thinker, Yves Guyot, once wrote: "There are three words which Socialism must erase from the facades of our public buildings—the three words of the Republican motto: Liberty, because Socialism is a rule of tyranny and police; Equality, because it is a rule of class; Fraternity, because its policy is that of the class war." Grant Allen declared that all men were born free and unequal. Even that statement may be challenged. Why free? Free for what? From what? Free-will is another of the exploded conceptional mummies of metaphysics. Nature abhors an absolute. Nietzsche traced the "equality" humbug to Rousseau, the father of Romanticism, and to his skillful mixing of honey and poison. "Equality," cried Nietzsche, "as an actual approximation to similarity, of which the theory of equal rights is but the expression, essentially belongs to decadence . . . there exists no deadlier poison; for it seems to be preached by justice itself while it does away with justice." It should instead read: "Equality to the equal, inequality to the unequal . . . never make the unequal equal." Death to the individual, and individual initiative, is the slogan of Socialism.

What is Socialism?

Guyot truthfully says that the so-called founders of Socialism are plagiarists, with some variations, of all the communist romances inspired by Plato. Marx and Engels built up their theories upon a sentence of Saint-Simon, and three phrases of Ricardo. German Socialism is derived from two sources. First: The French doctrine of Saint-Simon, "The way to grow rich is to make others work for you;" which became in Proudhon's words: "The exploitation of man by man." Second: Three formulas of Ricardo, viz., (1) labor is the measure of value; (2) the price of labor is that which provides the laborer in general with the means of subsistence and of perpetuating his species without either increase or diminution; (3) profits decrease in proportion as wages increase. Formula (1) became the

"iron law of wages" of Lassalle. The French doctrines and Ricardo's three formulas became the theory of Rodbertus of the "normal time of labor," and of Karl Marx and Engels' "surplus labor." It is not difficult to demonstrate the absolute faculty of these sonorous assumptions. Guyot asks what has become of the Utopias of Fourier and Cabet, of Louis Blanc's organization of labor, and Proudhon's bank of exchange. No Socialist has succeeded in explaining the conditions for the production, remuneration and distribution of capital in a collectivist system. No Socialist has succeeded in determining the motives for action which individuals would obey. When pressed for an answer they allege that human nature will have been transformed; but the individual remains a constant quantity. Human nature will always be the same. There is no such thing as progress, with a big P. The brain of humanity is the same as it was during the Stone Age. Development? Yes, circle-wise, which is not quite the same thing as a progress toward happiness (the most lying word in any language).

Socialism is a hierarchy on a military basis, imported from Germany. Karl Marx did not concern himself with the incentives to action which are to be placed before men in communistic society, and his followers carefully evade the question. It has been asserted that like mechanical toys men will do the same thing every day because they did it the day before! This is merely teaching tricks to animals, the organization of reflex action. It is not a discovery of scientific socialism; the organizers of armies, of churches, long ago employed it as a means of discipline under the sanctions of allurements and coercion; allurements by preferment, decorations and honorary and material distinctions; and coercion by means of more or less cruel and vigorous punishments. Bebel says that "a man who will not work shall not have the right to eat." But this is being condemned to death by starvation; and a man who does less work (or more) than in the opinion of the executive he ought to do, will be put on a restricted diet, so that after all the collectivist ideal ends in servile labor. It may be added that man is ready for every form of sacrifice except one. Nowhere, and at no time, has man been found to labor voluntarily and constantly from a disinterested love for others. Man is only compelled to productive labor by necessity, by the fear of punishment, or by suitable remuneration. The Socialists of to-day constantly denounce the waste of competition. Competition involves losses, but biological evolution, as well as that of humanity, proves that they are largely compensated by gain. Furthermore, there is no question of abolishing competition in Socialistic conceptions; the question is merely one of the substitution of political for economic competition. If economic competition leads to waste and claims its victims it is none the less productive. Political competition has secured enormous plunder to great conquerors; it always destroys more wealth than it confers upon the victors. I need hardly add that it is a bogie Socialism that preaches the community of goods instead of the community of profits.

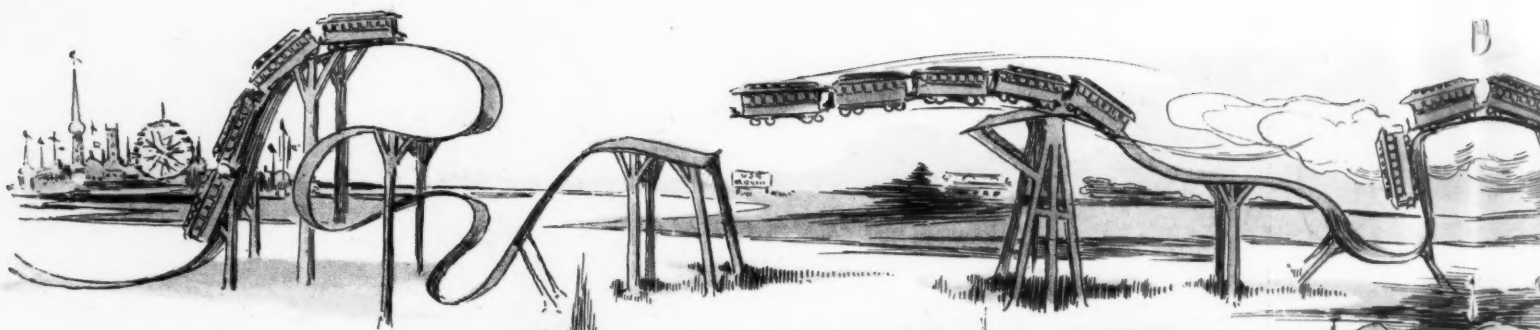
The Socialist formulates a theory of robbery and calls it restitution to the disinherited. Disinherited by whom? Disinherited of what? Let them produce their title deeds. They call it expropriation, but that is a misnomer; what they set out to practise is confiscation. Georges Renard

(Continued on page 21)



ANCHORED

PAINTED BY POWER O'MALLEY



"HA, HA, HOW FUNNY I LOOK!"

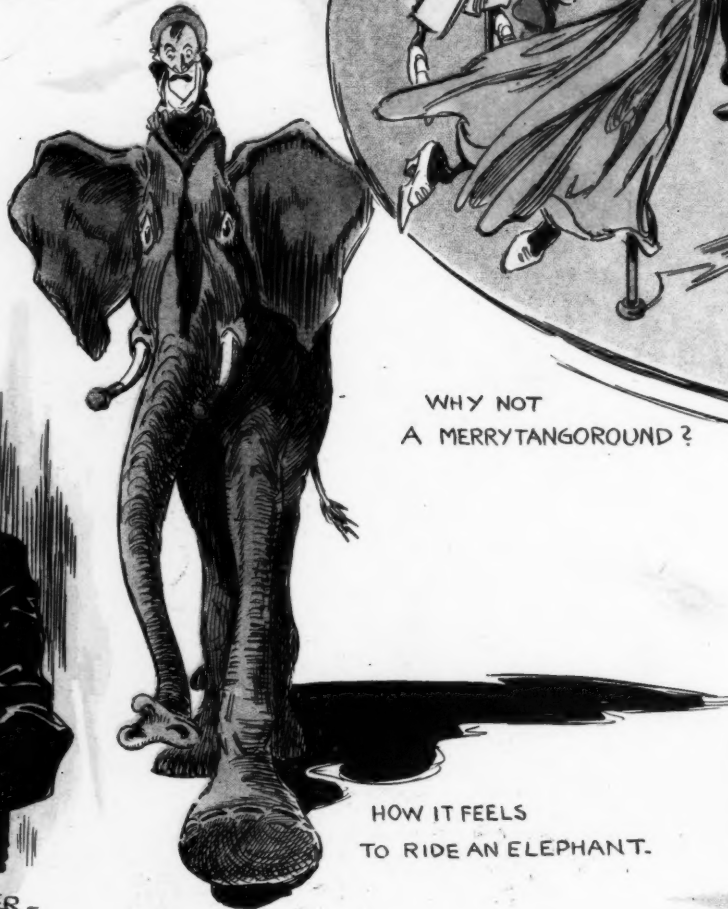


WHY NOT
A MERRYTANGOROUND?

"YOU MADE ME WHAT
I AM TO DAY, I HOPE
YOU'RE SATISFIED."



A BOWERY SINGER -

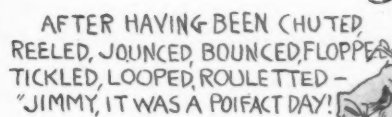
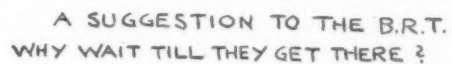


HOW IT FEELS
TO RIDE AN ELEPHANT.



HY MAYER'S work
appears regularly and
exclusively in Ruck.

IMPRESSIONS OF CO



BY HY MAYER

NS OF CONEY ISLAND



One of the most brilliant ladies of the Second Empire, the Comtesse de Pourtales, died in Paris a few days ago. The Comtesse de Pourtales! How this name brings back charming memories! The Comtesse de Pourtales, although born in Alsace, was a Parisienne to her finger tips, and she occupied a very high rank at the Court of Napoleon the Third, together with the Comtesse de Metternich, who was a fairy god-mother to her.

The luxury of fashion was then at its height, and a very austere gentleman, Monsieur Dupin, wrote a pamphlet on the subject. It raised a hue and cry. Madame de Pourtales had been chosen then to act in the celebrated play, *The Commentaires de Cesar*, at Compiègne. Madame de Metternich wrote to the Marquis de Massa a rather quaint little note: "Madame de Pourtales begs of you not to forget Monsieur Dupin's pamphlet, and asks if it would not be a rather fetching idea to come on the stage with a hideous frock on the top of a pretty one. She would remove the upper frock, saying:

"You can see, every one in this room, how Monsieur Dupin suggests that we should be dressed. And I want you to decide which is best, fashion's decree, or this gentleman's taste." Then, she would remove the dress. Would it not be funny?"

This scene should be reversed nowadays. It is the extreme of fashion that makes ladies unfair to behold. And instead of stern Monsieur Dupin we have witty Monsieur Sem to criticize us.

The very latest invention concerns stockings. They must be adorned with *subjects*, such as birds or butterflies, embroidered on the filmy silk pattern. Some daring *élégantes* have their silk stockings embroidered in vivid colors—red, yellow, pale grey. It is hideous.

And yet we may forgive those who have started this new fashion if it leads to another far prettier. I mean the hand-painted dresses. How delightful would it be to see a dress of pleated taffeta, decorated with the fine skill and originality of a very modern artist!

And now let us talk about the two leading events of the last fortnight. Everybody talked about them everywhere, in every tea-room and drawing-room. First of all, Monsieur Maurice Rostand has given up collaborating with his mother, his lovely young mother, whom everyone

supposes to be his youngest sister. It seems that the good little devil is after all a naughty little devil, casting the blame on his collaborators because their last play, *The Little Match-seller*, was a failure.

The second important thing is, that Mademoiselle Ida Rubinstein will not dance in the *Ballet Russe*. It is Madame Kousnetzoff who is going to have the leading part, that of Potiphar's wife, in Strauss's *Legend of Joseph*. As soon as the news spread out, the papers said that the three doctors of Mademoiselle Ida Rubinstein

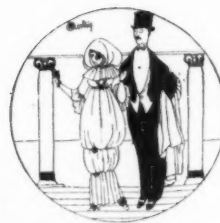


THE ORIENT TRANSPLANTED

Fads take fantastic forms. Here is no Harem Queen, but a Parisienne who follows the fashion—the latest fashion in smoking. To puff a nargileh, to lounge a la Turk, to revel in a color setting of the Orient—this in Paris is to be smart.

had forbidden her to appear on the stage owing to her poor state of health. Anyway, there is an estrangement between three great stars—Mademoiselle Rubinstein, Madame Karsavina, and Madame Kousnetzoff. But the last named can afford to smile. She has the part.

"Is it true that men will not wear stiff collars anymore? Have they rebelled?"



"Yes. There is a league against it. The chief members are Anatole France, and Maurice Maeterlink. I rather like it."

"I don't. I daresay Americans and Englishmen can wear shirts opened at the neck, because they are so tall and lanky, but it will never suit the Latin races. I prefer the stiff white collar. It is clean and neat."

"Do you know that King Manuel is going to divorce?"

"Do not believe that. It is mere unkind gossip. Husband and wife get on splendidly, and the young Queen has a charming taste for dresses. I saw one of those dresses at one of the leading dress-makers, near the Place Vendôme. Such a pretty dress, too. All in white muslin, painted with wreaths of poppies and daisies. The Leghorn hat trimmed with the same wreath of silk flowers, and a flat sunshade, hand-painted, too, with the same flowers. It was delightfully young and fresh."

"What do you think of the famous League for the Defence of Fashions? They have very well-known members—Henri Duvernois, Abel Hermant, Pierre Mille."

"My dear, I think that it proves nothing. There will be always ladies dressed like scarecrows, and others like angels. It is a question of personal taste, of knowing how to adapt the fashion to oneself. You will always see fat and short women go to a dressmaker and choose a dress worn by a slim and slender *Mannequin*, adding of course: "I want this very dress, and I want it to fit me as it fits Mademoiselle."

And, to end this article, I simply must quote the description of a dress worn by an *élégante* in seventeen hundred and seventy-three.

"Mademoiselle Duthe went to the Opera House, with a dress of suppressed sighs, trimmed with superfluous regrets. In the middle there was a perfect innocence adorned with indiscreet complaining. Marked attention ribbons, Queen's curls shoes, embroidered with diamonds. The hair was dressed in faithful feeling with an assured conquest bonnet trimmed with downcast eye ribbon. A cat on the collar, and on the shoulder a *Medicis* sewn in the Benevolent fashion, and a suppressed agitation muff." Sighs, regrets, innocence, feelings, agitation! What a waste of psychology in a dress!

Marie Bertin.

THE MAN AND THE PILL

Middleton was down with the grip.

He heard the clock in the parlor that adjoined his darkened bedroom strike the hour as the doctor rose, snapping shut his medicine case.

"Take one of these pills every half-hour; they'll bring you 'round all right—and I'll call in again to-night."

Then the sound of the physician's voice as he spoke reassuringly to Middleton's wife in the next room, followed by the closing of the apartment door.

Middleton heard the clock strike, once.

It was strange in his feverish condition how time seemed to fly. A whole half-hour had passed since the doctor's departure, and still she hadn't come in to see how he was. A fine way, this, to treat him! Left alone and untended

—perhaps to die, for all anybody knew, for all anybody cared, apparently.

The sick man, groaning, propped himself up on one elbow and helped himself to a pill, with a swallow of water, from the small table at the bedside.

But no sooner had he dropped back on the pillow again, or so it seemed to Middleton, when he heard the clock striking the next hour.

He sat up and took a second pill. Again the clock struck. Middleton rose and took another pill. The clock was striking again. He took another pill. Again the clock struck. Middleton sat up and gulped a pill. The clock struck. He took a pill. The clock again. He took a pill. The clock. A pill.

And now the last of those accursed pills were gone. Middleton sank back, exhausted. Hours had passed. There had been twelve tablets in the saucer on the table, originally, and he had taken one every half-hour. That meant that the whole morning had passed; it must now be well along in the afternoon. And all this time nobody had so much as come near him.



WASTED ENERGY

"Oh, what's the use? It don't bark back."



"Well, dear, how do you feel now?"

Middleton opened his eyes upon his wife's figure, framed in the doorway. Slowly he sat up. Leveling a stern, denunciatory arm at her, he spoke through set teeth:

"Woman—for wife of my bosom, helpmeet, you have this day proved yourself to be no longer—woman, go leave me to die! Don't come in now, asking how I am! That doesn't interest you, apparently. For here you've left me this whole, livelong day, racked with pain, and scarcely able to lift my head, to wait on myself, unless I wanted to die for the lack of attention —" He choked over what was almost a sob of self-pity, at the picture he drew of his own plight.

"Whatever are you talking about?"

And Middleton's wife came into the room, with brisk, competent hands turning and patting the pillow under him.

"I'd have been in sooner, only the clock in the parlor had run down, and I stopped to rewind it and regulate it."



ALL ABOUT THEIR ELOPEMENT

WAR

All down the reeking trail of years the mailed armies go,
With mock of flags and bitter drums and dead hearts in a row.
Behind them in the gloom of blood the broken nations lie—
And o'er them wheels their gruesome god, a buzzard in the sky.

For some have marched with heathen curse, and some with Christian prayer,
But all have paid the vulture god that beats the darkened air;
And women know and children know that hear the trumpets' breath,
There is no god goes with them but the wheeling god of death.

A thousand vineyards rot and die, a thousand hearths lie cold,
And still earth sends her armies down for some new shame of gold.
And still the little mothers sit with faces white and wan,
And watch the buzzards waiting in the crimson smoke of dawn!

How long, oh Liege of Heaven, e'er thy fearful judgements cease?
What sin is on my brother's hand that will not give him peace?
What flaw is in the Potter's clay that moulds us to such shame,
And puts upon a murdered man the grinning mask of fame?

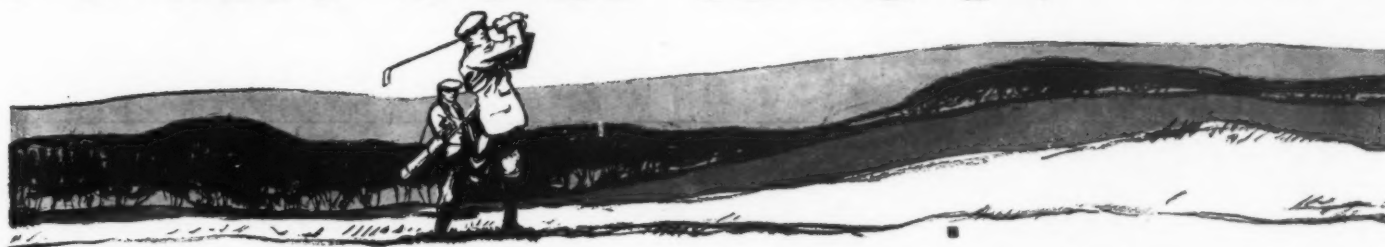
Down all the reeking trail of years I see the armies go,
With mock of flags and waste of dreams and dead hearts in a row,
And high above the blighted road their iron feet have trod
I see the awful clouding wing that blots the face of God.

F. Dana Burnet.



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT *by* P.A. VAILE



CHOOSING THE RIGHT CLUB

I promised recently to return to Edward Ray's book, "Inland Golf." His chapter on the choice of clubs is very interesting.

One sentence appealed to me particularly. It was this: "For instance, a driver-head that has a few well-defined ball-marks on its neck and on the toe can only belong to a player whose handicap is well over twenty."

This reminded me forcibly of a recent occasion when I was asked my opinion about a certain brassy alleged to have been broken at the first blow and without hitting the ground.

I examined the club carefully and found on the neck the clearly defined marks of several pimples. Then I knew what had happened.

But I wanted to see how much that dead bit of wood could tell, so I looked further into it. The shaft was broken about two inches from the head. The portion attached to the head was clean where it broke. The other portion was clogged with mud.

The club, remember, was new. The brass was filed away on the front edge. The marks of the file were apparent; so also was the absence of the ordinary lacquer. The fiber had not escaped, nor had the face of the club. There the rasp had left its mark. So this was the tale that dead bit of wood told me—the tale that was left with it by the innocent ball:

"He tried to hit down on me. It was a bad lie, you know. He certainly hit down. He hit down so much that he got me on the heel of his club, punched a stone, snapped the shaft clean off, and dug the piece in his hands into the earth.

"Then he took his club into the workshop and tried to remove all traces of his violence, but, of course, this was an impossibility. There was conclusive evidence of his guilt—and he could not stand cross-examination."

Ray considers seven clubs, at least, are necessary for the beginner. He prescribes a driver, a brassy, a cleek, an iron, a mashie, a niblick, and a putter.

Ray says he has noticed that "the short person usually favors long clubs, and the man of many inches prefers them short."

This seems to be quite reasonable. I remember a beginner who is about six feet four in height. He had clubs like fishing-rods. He was quite astonished

when I told him to try a much shorter set of clubs. But he did, and improved his game very much.

Speaking of the brassy, Ray says: "Given an ordinary depressed lie, the brassy with a flat sole presents a difficulty that no peculiarity of stance will remove, for it is obvious that, in meeting the ball, the heel and toe of the club must bite into the ground, which inevitably takes from the blow a certain amount of the force applied; the club is checked, and the stroke, however faultless the swing may have been, is deprived of its proper value."

This is matter well worthy of the consideration of golfers. It may seem obvious. Some will say that it is trite, that everybody knows it, and so on, but it is not really so. Few know it, and many of those who claim to know it do not act on it.

Ray says: "I have no hesitation in saying that the ideal brassy for inland players is that which

possesses a sole rounded to such an extent that, on a level surface, it rests on no more than half an inch of its base.

"This type of club, it will at once be seen, is adaptable to any lie or peculiarity of a player's stance. The heel, being practically non-existent, is deprived of its turf-catching propensities..."

He continues: "The cleek is another club that has to perform similar duties to the brassy, and should also be so constructed that it possesses a fighting chance against indifferent lies. 'I can't take a brassy here; give me the cleek' is a very common observation on a golf course; but if the lie be too depressed for the brassy, it will be nearly as difficult for the cleek to get the ball away, assuming the cleek has a perfectly straight sole."

I am inclined to think that Ray's remarks are of far more importance than the ordinary golfer realizes. They may foreshadow the more intelligent construction of golf clubs. Many people think that the last word has been said in golf-club manufacture. Ten years hence our outfit will be on the scrap heap.

There can be little doubt that the majority of golf clubs would be better for all purposes of practical golf if they were constructed on the lines suggested by Ray.

Ray is providing for a sufficient curve at heel and toe, and I have arranged for it on the sole, so in due course we may hope to get a really good design.

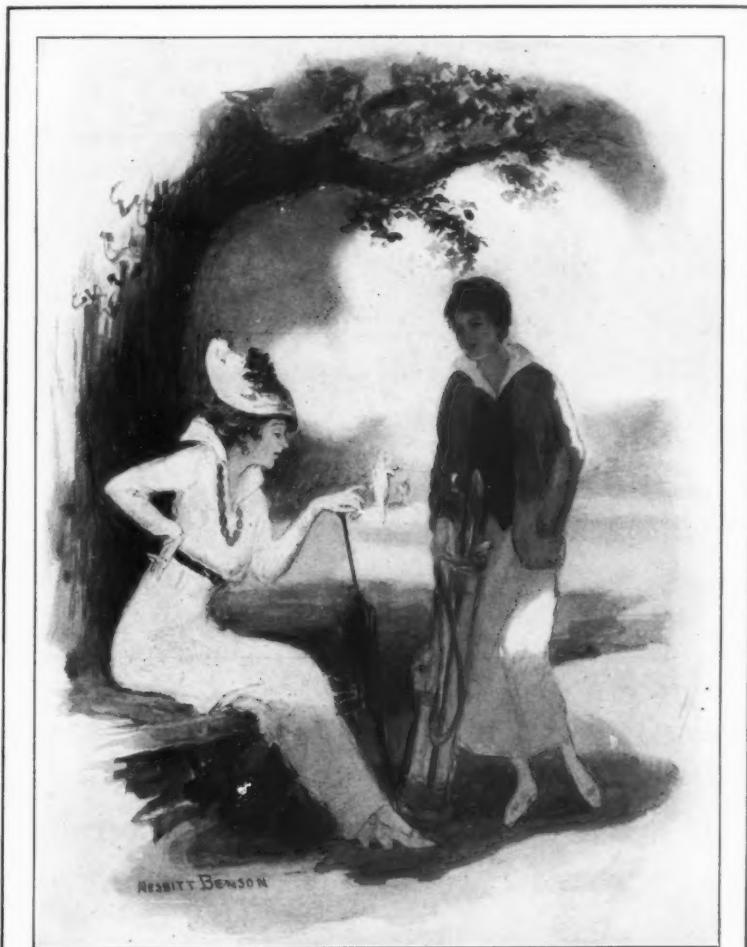
The sole of a mashie or niblick should never end sharply at the back. It should curve away from the front edge, starting almost directly it leaves the ball. I have had this form of construction followed in all the Vaile iron clubs, and it has been almost universally approved.

Ray is, I believe, doing golf a service in drawing attention to this important point. Ray is a great advocate, and rightly I think, of the deep-faced mashie. As he says, "It is painfully easy when the ball is lying in long grass to pass the blade completely underneath the ball, which thereupon subsides gracefully into the pit you have unwillingly dug for it. But with a fairly deep blade the chances of such a catastrophe are greatly minimized."

Ray himself has designed the famous Spieler mashie and mashie niblick on these lines, and they are already extremely popular with European golfers.

Ray calls the putter "the root of all golfing evil." This is rough on the putter and quite

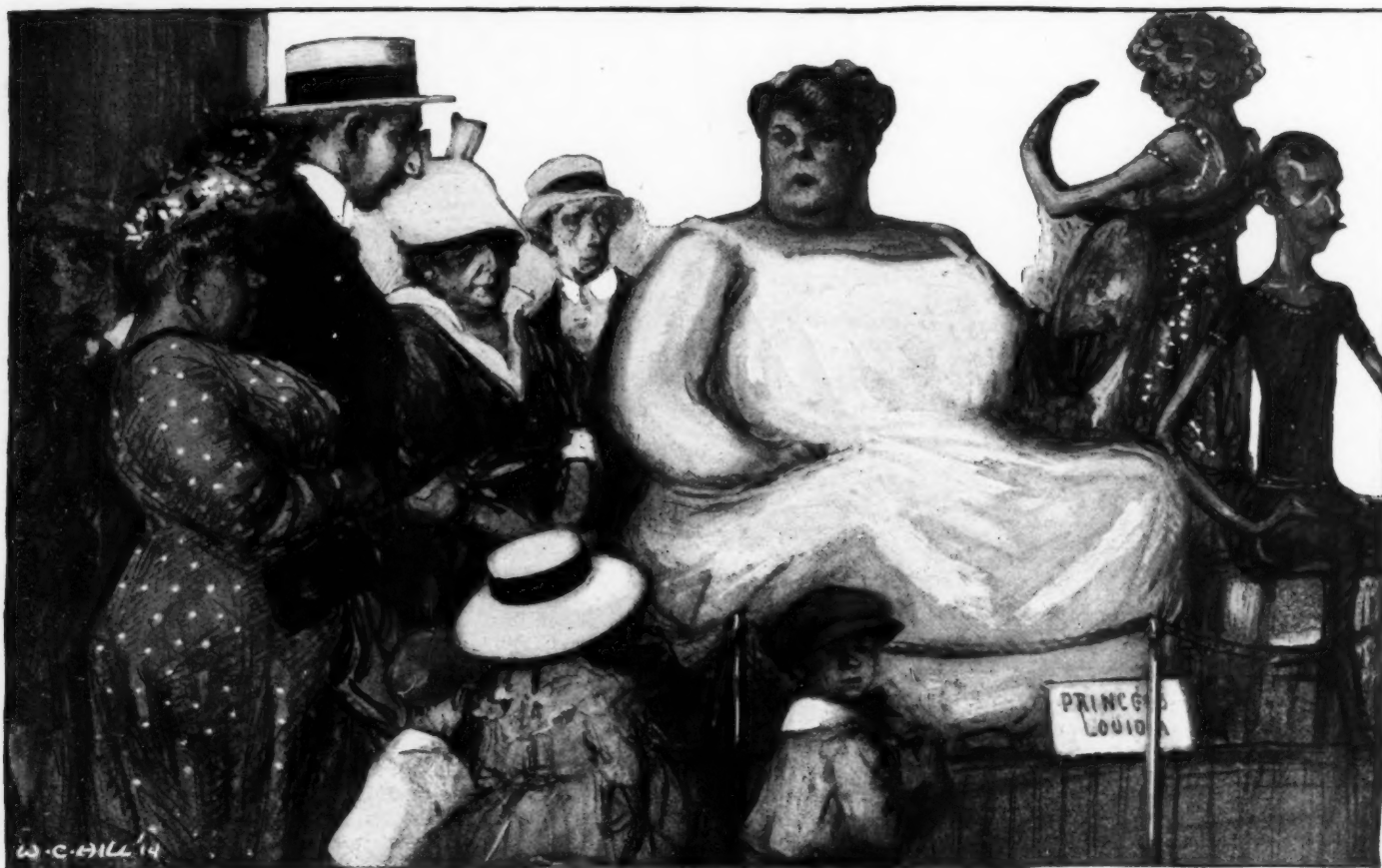
(Continued on page 22)



THE RULING PASSION

MADGE: Have you given up golf for good, my dear?

MARJORIE: I really couldn't say. I might take it up again if they levelled off the links so one could tango after the ball.



THE COME-BACK

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

ONE OF THE PUBLIC: Do many freaks marry freaks?
THE NEAREST FREAK: Don't everybody? Huh?

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

(You and your wife are taking leave of the Gentlemanly Agent who has spent Sunday afternoon trying to sell you a lot at Sea-Swept Scrumblehurst. Your wife can't stand the city any longer but, as she has cheerily informed the G. A., she can't stand Scrumblehurst at all.)



G. A.: Anyhow I want you to take my card. This has been a most enjoyable afternoon, and the nice thing about this business is that it brings a man in touch with so many fine people. Now if I can help you—

YOUR WIFE (with a touching burst of confidence): Oh, Mr. Spudmore, before we go back to town I wonder if you could tell us about some of the other places near here.

G. A.: I sure can. Don't think I'm so narrow I can't see anything but Scrumblehurst. What's on your mind?

YOUR WIFE: I've heard that Shorebungle is such a pretty place.

G. A. (with refreshing warmth): Pretty! Say, pretty isn't the word for Shorebungle. It's simply beeyootiful! It's got anything around here skinned by eight miles. Why, I was telling Doc. Lee—he's managing the Shorebungle property—"Doc.," I told him, "that's sure some little settlement you've got. Cleaned up all the typhoid germs yet?" And Doc. said there'd been only two new cases in the last month.

YOU: H'm! Yes. Of course. And how about Commutania?

G. A. (with growing enthusiasm): Now you're talking. Livest place on the line. So near the city that anybody can afford to live there. Sure thing. Two blackhand gangs have been run down in Commutania already, and that's a sure sign that it's some little city. Yes, if you want a town that's a hustling proposition—

YOUR WIFE (who in anticipation already sees little Henry kidnapped by blackhanders): But, Mr. Spudmore, we want something where we can associate with a refined and cultured class of people. Take Dollardale for instance.

G. A. (you'd think he owned Dollardale): Say, there's some style to that place. Finest kind of people; finest kind of houses. Class! Why, that's where that rich anarchist guy Helligazam lives. You know—"Affinity" Helligazam the papers call him. Free love guy. Nice fella. Democratic. Gets acquainted with all the neigh-

bors. Dollardale is just full of fine people like that.

YOU (suddenly waking to the fact that your wife has a bewitching profile): H'm! Yes. Quite so. But haven't I heard something about a place called Highball Park?

G. A. (full speed ahead): Highball Park's the word. Gee, I tell you I never spent a pleasanter Sunday than I did last week at old H. P. You know there's a colony of chorus girls down there. Bungalows. Gay times. You're saying it. Now, if you're looking for a jolly, congenial crowd of mixers—

YOU (as your wife coughs severely): N—no, I guess Highball Park won't suit. But isn't there something near here advertised as Boobcliffe?

G. A.: Boobcliffe! Say, that's the place. That's the place. Healthy. Convenient. Nice people. Cultured. Decent. Everybody right. And those Boobcliffe Garden fellows (they're the ones that got charge of all the real estate) they're as fine a bunch as you'll ever meet. And inside of a year now the U. S. Supreme Court is going to decide whether they've got any title to this land they've been selling. The Standard Petroleum Company is trying to oust them. But aside from that—Boobcliffe for mine. It's the finest—



JUST A HINT

DAUGHTER: This piano being my very own, may I take it with me when I get married, papa dear?

PAPA: Yes, but don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances.

(You have had enough. Your trembling fingers force a ten-dollar bill on the G. A. as initial payment on Lot 47-K, Scrumblehurst new addition. Not until a week later will you discover that in the first place you can't bear the thought of giving up your city flat, and that (secondly) if ever you should break away you'd as lief go to Central Africa as to Scrumblehurst.)



SOCIAL PROGRESS

MR. CLIMBER (*trying to understand*): And did Mrs. Topnotcher actually speak to you, my dear?

MRS. CLIMBER: No—o, but she looked as if she were going to.



YODELING

The Swiss are an admirable people. They make fine milk chocolate, keep good hotels, and climb mountains with agility. In view of such excellent qualities it is hard to understand a certain deplorable feature of Swiss national life—the tendency to yodel. It is not as though one aberrant Switzer, tending his flock on the hillside, suddenly burst into a defiance of the principles of harmony. The throaty misdemeanor of one individual cannot incriminate a nation. But the truth is the Swiss have become identified with yodeling to such an extent that when we meet them we wait in terror to see whether their voices are going to slip.

Yodeling is to song what the xylophone and the harmonica are to music, only more so. That it requires thoracic dexterity none will deny. But so does auctioneering. And like the crying of bargains under a red flag, it requires a certain hardness of sensibility. Possibly it is the result of living in high altitudes. It may be that in a country where (to judge by the photographs) the back yard is upstairs, the voice naturally comes to assume this peculiarity in calling home the goats.

There was a time when all youths aged fifteen to twenty-one, inhabitants of the United States, were trying to yodel. Yodeling seemed destined to become chronic and incurable. Thanks to an awakening of popular conscience, the awful passion was controlled, until now yodeling is employed in the theater only to make the next number on the program seem better by comparison.

NEEDFUL

The shades of night were falling fast when through an Alpine village passed a youth who bore mid snow and ice a banner with this strange device:

"Safety first!"

The maiden didn't ask him to stay. Instead of that she laughed sardonically.

"You've sure got 'em all backed off the boards!" she exclaimed, with palpable irony.

MORAL: A certain amount of rushing in where angels fear to tread seems to be needful, if business is to keep brisk.

THE GRAND PROMOTER

"You ought to have some stock in my proposed rubber plantation."

"What will it cost to set it out?"

"Won't cost anything. Another big idea. I am also organizing a school of forestry and shall charge boys one hundred dollars per year each for the privilege of planting the trees."

THE ROMANCE OF A DANCE

She was whirling in the measures of the modern dance when first I saw her—La Dame Sans Merci.

Fair, ineffably fair she was to see, as her dainty feet stole in and out of tumultuous lingerie.

Young Lochinvar they say came out of the west, but not to New York, and being from God's country, as I was, I longed for just one dance like that.

I rose and walked toward her as though fascinated by her subtle charm—La Dame Sans Merci.

"You wish to dance with me?" and her lovely face rippled into sunlight as she spoke.

"You do me great honor!" I exclaimed, "Could you be so gracious?"

"I can and will," and she spoke in the guise of an enchantress. Then came brief moments when it seemed as though her feet spurned the shining floor.

"Keep your head up," she whispered as her red lips opened like gates incarnadined and set forth the words like couriers from a portcullis of pearls. "Keep your feet on the floor. Glide,

don't hop." Perhaps I do not dance as well as I should, but in those brief minutes there came to me the harmony of souls attuned.

"And may I have another dance?" I asked, when the music died and I could speak, looking into her violet eyes.

We had just hesitated. She hesitated now.

"Perhaps, later," she said. "Several have come in who have asked me. But we shall see."

And as I waited glaring at a tall rival who had come between us, the seneschal placed before me on the damask a fluttering bit of paper. My eyes sought hers. She nodded and smiled.

1 glass seltzer	\$ 1.00
1 dancing lesson, Mrs. Z	25.00
	<hr/> \$26.00

I paid the reckoning of fate and fared into the night.



The First Welsh Rarebit Dream



We are on the threshold of a new order of things. Railroads are not going out of business; big enterprises are not on the point of putting up their shutters. Neither is the function of financial institutions about to cease. The occupation of the banker is not gone. But there will be a new line of conduct. There is absolutely no reason why financial transactions cannot be as free from question as any others that comprise an interchange of effort and remuneration. It is absurd to assume that a railroad cannot be managed in as honest a fashion as any other enterprise. Of course, directors who go to sleep or are too thick-headed to understand what they are supposed to comprehend and to determine are not the sort of material that makes for honest or efficient conditions. Better no directors at all than such like. Their day, it is safe to predict, is over. At the same time, what is required and is absolutely essential is a new sort of financier—or rather new leaders of the financial world who shall set up a new standard that will mean absolute and unequivocal straightforwardness. The time is ripe for the advent of such men. We must have them. The term "American banker," or "American financier" must be made to stand before all the world as the embodiment of dignity, conservatism and honesty.

Lost, strayed or stolen, a fair-sized boom suspiciously started last January. Liberal reward and no questions asked for its return.

It seems surprising that so slender a thing as a thread should have been guilty of restraining interstate and foreign trade. A drastic dissolution has been decreed and Ultimate Consumer is wondering where the benefit will alight.

The psychological condition that makes for good times is the simplest of all conditions. It is just a state of faith on the part of manufacturers and dealers that they can sell the articles they make or buy within a reasonable time at a reasonable profit.

The now familiar and interesting Missouri Pacific announcements to noteholders will be missed—for a year.

The grand total of municipal bonds issued during 1913 exceeded for the first time the sum of 400 millions, the exact figure being \$403,246,518. This was an increase over the previous year of something like 17 millions. During the three preceding years the level was in the neighborhood of 325 millions and back in 1907, 1906 and 1905 the average was pretty close to 200 millions. In other words, during the last ten years municipalities have fallen into paths of extravagance like the rest of the world. This tendency towards extravagance is strengthened furthermore by the greater ease with which municipalities are enabled to borrow. The Income Tax Law is one of the factors that has increased the demand for municipal securities. Thus, inadvertently, railroad credit has in a measure been affected.

"Partner Wanted—Wall Street man with extensive acquaintance and experience wants partner with experience and a reasonable amount of capital. . . ." This advertisement differs from the usual announcement. Each partner, in this instance, will have his experience at the outset of the combination.

The National City Bank in its June Circular devotes a paragraph to the interesting subject of the boards of directors of the twelve Federal Reserve banks. The object in working out the system has been to insure conservative business management. In order that the boards shall be representative of the interests involved it has been provided that each shall consist of nine members. Three of these members will be representative of the stockholding banks that are entrusted with the funds of the business public for investment; the second group of three will consist of representatives of the public, the class that furnishes the above funds; the third will represent the Government, which undertakes to supervise the proper and conservative investment of such funds. Once elected, these representatives will act as a board, the grouping or classification relating only to the manner of election and not to their status after election. In other words the duties and obligations of each member of a board will be identical.

Recent occurrences have added some picturesque technical terms to the financial vocabulary. Colorado has advertised four per cent "insurrection" bonds; the New York Curb was dealing a short time ago in Missouri Pacific notes, "when, as, and if extended."

Mellenism is a new technical term coined by one of the financial publications. It owes its origin to the recent testimony of Charles S. Mellen and is described as meaning "a premature experiment in monopoly." The point is where to place the emphasis—on "premature," or "experiment," or on "monopoly."

"I am glad to see that people are coming to their senses," remarked the old-fashioned lady who accidentally landed upon the financial page of one of the New York dailies and read the heading: "Americans Quiet in London."

There is an intangible something in the financial air that seems to make for optimism and greater activity.

Albert Ulmann.

STELLA

Oh, Stella's gown is full of chinks—
One sees right through!
Indeed she is a bare-faced minx—
And bare-backed too!

There's mighty little satisfaction in banging a swing door.



MAKING SURE

NEW MAID (butting in): Please, mum, is this the lady you want me always to tell you're out?



SHIR GAR

Adjusts itself to any posture—comfortable, durable.
Ask your dealer—if he can't, we will.
SHIRT GARTER CO. Columbia, Tenn.



"No Fun," Says He, "Unless You Wear B. V. D."

GET the full fun out of your vacation in B. V. D. If you're cool, work is play, and either side of the road is the shady side. In B. V. D. you belong to the "I Won't Worry Club." Join it right away, and you'll daily look at life through rose-colored glasses, with a quip on your lip and a song in your heart.

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New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 10)

is quite right when he says that "Socialism will be a regime of authority." And Rousseau's "Social Contract," that too has gone to the boneyard of dead theories. The once formidable Fourier phalanstery idea has dwindled down to commercial apartment houses, a lot of people living in obscene promiscuity, higgledy-piggledy, and believing they are "progressing" because there's an elevator in the building. Socialist action has a depressing effect upon all fixed capital, and, in order to carry on a policy of preserving the political equilibrium of giving a few bones to the demagogues to gnaw, concessions are made to the policy of spoliation. And the much vaunted Brotherhood of Man! What a fraud! "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is the practise of Socialists.

The Future What then remains of Socialism when we come to grips with it? And what are the future prospects of this policy of spoliation and of tyranny? The Socialist Party cannot balance up a governmental majority without destroying government itself, for it cannot admit that government fulfils the minimum of its duties. When a strike breaks out the intention of the strikers is that security of person and of property shall not be guaranteed. Socialist policy represents contempt for law, and all men, whether rich or poor, have an interest in liberty, security and justice, for the private interest of each individual is bound up with these common blessings. Socialism despises them all. A law, the object of which is to protect each man's property, is supported by all who possess anything, and where is the man in advanced societies who is incapable of being robbed because he possesses nothing? A law of spoliation may be passed and carried into effect, but in the event of its results becoming permanent it runs the risk of destroying the government which has assumed the responsibility of it. You can't eat your cake and have it. Socialist policy is a permanent menace to the liberty and security of citizens, and cannot therefore be the policy of any government, the primary duty of which is to exact respect for internal and external security. If it fails therein it dissolves and is supplanted by lawlessness; and inasmuch as everyone has a horror of that condition which betrays itself by the oppression of violent men banded together solely by their appetites, an appeal is made to a strong government, and to a man with a strong grip, and then the risk is incurred of falling back into all the disgraces and disasters of Caesarism.

In America, paternalism would be followed by the evils of sumptuary legislation. The crank political would get on horseback and force the country to accept his prophylactics: prohibition, free-love, new thought—which is neither new nor thoughtful—fake religions, anti-vaccination, anti-vivisection, anti-tobacco, anti-everything, in fact, all the cohort of degenerate minds would exploit the country if Socialism ever got the upper hand. I don't doubt that we must pass through the dismal quagmire in some shape, for mankind never stops devising new self-tortures for itself. But it won't be altogether the Socialism created by Karl Marx. Let us admit then that the twentieth century belongs to Socialism. Yes, but the twenty-first may be dominated by the philosophy of Max Stirner, whose axiom is: "Mind your business!" and who preaches the only possible gospel for self-respecting men and women—the gospel of a broad individualism. But as all reform must come from within, it will be a long time before the arrival of the millenium. Of course, when the women get the vote the Prohibitionists will sadly retire, for we sha'n't cut our throats to spite our thirst.

Electricity as Savior Heinrich Charles, a well-known publicist, and once upon a time a Socialist in the William Morris community, has recently published a stirring pamphlet, entitled, "The Electro-Individualistic Manifesto," in which, among other arguments, he points out the fact that the days of King Steam are passing, to be replaced by the reign of Emperor Electricity, whose good offices will make infinitely lighter the repulsive tasks of poor overburdened humanity. He quotes Friedrich Engels (the generous friend and ally of Marx, supporting him in his days of need), who wrote of the leading men of the French Revolution: "That just as little as their predecessors, the great thinkers of the eighteenth century, were able to reach beyond the limits of their time," and shows that "Marx and Engels grew up and lived in the era of steam . . . how could they base a future state on electric power invented after their time?" We all can't be as optimistic as Mr. Charles, but let us hope. In his pamphlet he gives Socialism some hard nuts to crack. Guyot, who has furnished us with many of the arguments, printed a new book this year: "Where and Why Public Ownership Has Failed." He thinks neither State nor municipality should interfere with individual effort. Certainly public utilities should be in the hands of a responsible power: the post, water, gas, railways, electricity, etc. As to railways, I disagree with him. If you have ever had any experience in Europe you will wish for anything but State ownership. The State is a bad manager and a good tyrant. Socialism is sentimental, sensual, and without an iota of the spiritual.

However, you can't refute Socialism. You can't "refute" sore eyes, and all this talk in summertime makes the heart heavy and the throat dry. Puck is no perfectionist. He believes in taking the world easy. Nothing is as repulsive as the role of a reformer who hasn't a sense of humor. And few have. Furthermore, they all suffer from stomach troubles, their digestion is impaired by their bad temper over irreparable things—fanaticism doubled by indignation.

ANSWERED DESCRIPTION

THE NURSE: The Doctor brought somebody to your house last night, dear, while you were sleeping. You can't guess what.

LITTLE EMMA: Did he? What time?

THE NURSE: About three o'clock in the morning.

LITTLE EMMA: O, I know. It was papa.

*A soft, rich whiskey
with the flavor
of an old vintage.
Old fashioned dis-
tillation—ripened
by age only.*

Bottled
in Bond

PEBBLEFORD
*Old Fashioned
Quality*
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Wool-Silk

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

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Knows the
Danger**



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Why should you take the risk?

Beer is saccharine.

The slightest taint of impurity ruins its healthfulness.

Schlitz is made pure and the Brown Bottle keeps it pure from the brewery to your glass.

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"

Schlitz
The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Order a Case
Today

69 MB

In writing to advertisers, say "I saw it in Puck."



UNCLE TOBY: There he goes, Sport! Git him, boy!



"By Joshuway, the back door!"



"This is the time we git yer, Mister Woodchuck!"



"S'pose yer think 'twas your doin', durn yer!"

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 17)

unfair. Lack of knowledge how to choose a putter and, having chosen it, how to use it, accounts for a tremendous amount of "golfing evil," but it is unfair to lay this to the account of the most docile and straightforward club of the golfer's whole kit.

At present more than half the putters used are utterly unfit for the work they are called on to do. I must, however, so important is this club, devote a special article to it.



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FREE TRIAL! Genuine Visible Typewriter. We sell direct: save you agents' commissions and expenses. Ship on approval. \$4 per month if you keep it. Send for free booklet. See how you save \$41.50 on a high-grade machine. Typewriter Distributors' Syndicate 1667-15 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

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A health-giving dressing for the scalp.

Prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.

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newspaper

Your Vacation

Do you like the seashore, the hills or the shore of some quiet bay or lake? Do you want a place within easy reach of New York, where the car fare is a small item? Doesn't a place with a reputation for being 20 degrees cooler than New York City appeal to you? Do you like tennis, golf, salt and fresh water fishing, surf and still water bathing, yachting, canoeing, dancing, and congenial company?



Long Island

EMBODIES THEM ALL

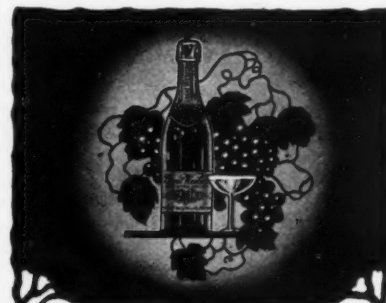
Finest and safest surf bathing in the world. Over 125 miles of clean, white sandy beaches. Never failing cool southerly breezes from off the sea. More than 100 resorts to choose from with prices to fit any pocketbook.

Trains from the south and west (via Pennsylvania R.R.) arrive at the Pennsylvania Station, N. Y., from which Long Island trains depart.

Read of Long Island's charms in the new book "Long Island & Real Life," full of pictures and necessary information for vacationists, sent on receipt of 10c. postage by Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Long Island R.R., Room 3301, Pennsylvania Station, N. Y.

Puck Prints make beautiful decorations for club rooms and dens. Send 10c. in stamps for catalogue of interesting reproductions on heavy paper suitable for framing.

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Great Western Champagne

Extra Dry - - Special Reserve

is accepted everywhere. (Very Dry)

The only American Champagne ever Awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions. Paris Exposition, France, 1887. Paris Exposition, France, 1889. Paris Exposition, France, 1900. Vienna Exposition, Austria, 1873. Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1897. Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1910.

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OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

Every One Says "It Tastes So Good!"

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Gold Label

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Bottled only by the
Brewers,
Beadleston & Woerz,
New York.
Order from any dealer.

That Is the Universal Verdict About Imperial

A Delightful Beverage
A Wholesome Tonic



SUNNY BROOK
THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



DIARY May 4, 1814


"I'm spending a few days at my nephew's farm in Middleton township. I took a little walk through the country today, and came upon an old homestead where I was well pleased to find some fine

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

A straight Pennsylvania Rye with all the goodness of ripe old age. Mellowed in oak and bottled in bond.

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The Favorite
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OLD I. W. HARPER WHISKEY

For half a century it has led the field.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"My baby is very intelligent."
"How so?"
"She keeps examining her toes."
"How does that denote precocity?"
"Why, the intelligent child evidently realizes that one must have perfect toes if one proposes to tango creditably." — *Kansas City Journal*.

TERRIBLE.

STELLA: I hear you had a terrible experience.

BELLA: Yes; I was rescued from drowning by another girl. — *Hartford Times*.

WHO WANTS TO REST?

"Have you a rest room?"
"We used to have them in the old days," said the manager of the department store, "but there has been no demand for such things for many months. We have turned all our rest rooms into tango parlors." — *Detroit Free Press*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

JUST AS SHE SUSPECTED.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for one thousand dollars in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars."

"And," continued the woman, anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere." — *Everybody's Magazine*.

An Eye Insurance Policy at Your Druggist's. Murine Eye Remedy Insures—Eye Health—Eye Comfort—Eye Beauty. Try Murine.

SEVERAL CHANCES.

"Where can I see some of the latest effects in spring hosiery?"

"Our stocking department is two aisles to the left," replied the floorwalker courteously. "We also have musical comedy in our theatre on the roof." — *Detroit Free Press*.

MARCH OF PROGRESS.

"Great times we live in."

"How now?"

"Heard a farmer to-day telling the druggist his soil was impoverished. And the druggist had something good for it, by gum!" — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

GOT AWAY WITH IT.

"How's this?" demanded his wife. "You were talking about jackpots and flushes in your sleep last night."

"I—er—oh, yes! I tried a gambling case in court that day," exclaimed the resourceful lawyer. — *Kansas City Journal*.

TELL a man he's level-headed and he's complimented—tell him he's flat-headed and he'll hit you with a club. — *The Accountant*.

In writing to advertisers, say "I saw it in Quak."



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IN the cause of Personal and National Liberty this modern Rienzi of sunny Italy would have gladly laid down his life. It inspired him to deeds of immortal grandeur, of superb valor and of boundless suffering. Garibaldi would not have legislative tyranny of any kind enter into his own private life any more than will our millions of liberty-loving Italian citizens. His flaming soul scorned any legislation which would prohibit ALL because ONE man out of thousands imbibes in gluttonous quantities. He knew that the light wines of Italy and the barley brews of Germany are beneficial to humanity.

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Before you leave home write to the Traveler's Bureau.

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—and from telling you the best place to buy summer dresses to planning a trip to Europe, we have experts who will be glad to tender you their services. —and we'll prove to you that our interest in your comfort and welfare extends beyond merely providing a place to eat and sleep.

When you are a guest at the Hotel McAlpin, your interests and pleasure are the interests and pleasure of every employee of the hotel.

A cuisine of world-wide fame, delightful rooms, exceptional service, of course—and at a notably moderate tariff.

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—of—

The New York Evening Post

Saturday, May 30th, published 40 separate articles or dispatches on the varying phases of the financial outlook. They ranged in length from a quarter of a column to a full column, but the majority were short, concise, pithy, and interesting reviews of the situation, from the various markets, home and foreign, whose movement is of interest to American finance.

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